

Nanny Boy and Mr. Eye Candy by leJINdary_crybaby

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alpha Billy Hargrove, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Anal Fingering, Anal Play, Anal Sex, Billy Hargrove Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove Needs a Hug, Bottom Steve Harrington, CEO Billy Hargrove, Crossdressing, Crossdressing Kink, Cute Steve Harrington, Dom Billy Hargrove, Dom/sub, Eventual Smut, F/M, Flirting, Fluff and Smut, Gen, Good Babysitter Steve Harrington, Jealous Billy Hargrove, Kinks, M/M, My First Smut, Omega Steve Harrington, Possessive Billy Hargrove, Praise Kink, Protective Billy Hargrove, Protective Steve Harrington, Rich Billy Hargrove, Romantic Fluff, Rough Kissing, Rough Sex, Shameless Smut, Sub Steve Harrington, Teasing, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Top Billy Hargrove

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Summary:

Who would've thought that Steve Harrington, popularly known for his babysitting skills could catch the attention of the new eye candy in town.

Billy Hargrove, founder of a new and booming company, moved to the quaint town, Hawkins, with his younger step-sister Max Mayfield, coincidentally meeting the loveliest omega he's ever come across.

1. Intense Stare

Author's Note:

Okay yes, yes, we all know that Billy, and his family were a little on the poor side but backstory here; after finally leaving his abusive fathers house soon after turning 18, young alpha Billy won, and took custody of his young step-sister, living in a one room apartment before deciding that they needed a better life, so researching and studying continuously while working many shifts at different jobs, Billy finally made a name for himself after building a company from scratch which later became a booming success (you guys come up with what company he came up with) and after opening different stores all around the country and nations, he's decided to move himself, and sister to a remote location till she gets older and decides on what she wants to do.

He heaved a great sigh, shoulders sagging, staring at the house in front of him.

This was stupid, just utterly stupid. He shouldn't be out partying, he was a babysitter for Christ's sake, he needed—wanted to be at home planning his day! He didn't desire to go to parties anymore, it just wasn't his thing one, two; he didn't need to go to some dumb party at Betty's house just to get a lay, his toys at home - though a few - were enough, and three; he'd rather not wake up tomorrow, hungover, and smelling like different people. He was an omega for crying out loud, partying was for him before but now that he has pups to look after and they're constantly in his life, it was no longer crucial to be drinking his ass off or partying to *feel* something.

So getting dragged to a party at Betty's, 10 at night, was ridiculous. For what reason was she even hosting a party?

Steve rubbed his neck with both hands, taking a deep inhale. He squinched with disgust when a person ran out to throw up on the lawn. Seemed like they couldn't handle their alcohol.

"We're gonna get shit-faced drunk, find someone to fuck, and have fun," his new best friend, Robin, a girl he had worked with before promised as she interlocked arms with him, dragging him to the front door.

His eyes rolled, discomfort and annoyance settled in his scent, "I'd rather be at home, in the comfort of my bed, planning my day out for tomorrow, that's enough fun for me."

Robin huffed a laugh, "I don't understand the biology behind omegas," she was a beta, "but to me, planning and hanging out with a bunch of monsters doesn't seem so fun."

"Well babysitting a bunch of "monsters" isn't for everyone, besides they're pre-teens, they're about to get to the stage where their second gender blossoms," currently getting pushed inside the house after making it to the front door, Steve continued. "I want to be there for them right now until they don't need me anymore!"

Robin curled, hands on her knees as she pretended to throw up, Steve rolled his eyes as he tugged her back up.

"You're so omega-ish it's making me sick!" Robin yelled over the music as she proceeded to pull him. "Don't you dare worry about those kids right now though, you have enough time in the world, relax and dance with me dingus!"

She tugged him along to the center of the dance floor, rocking her hips side to side, head swinging in the same motion, letting the music influence her. Steve was moving side to side gently, still not wanting to completely relax but enjoying the music regardless, his scent becoming a little sweeter than before.

"I'm not drinking tonight just to let you know, and you're not making me either!" He yelled towards her, better to tell her now than later.

She didn't look at him, eyes closed still dancing to the beat of the song but answered nonetheless, "got it, idiot! No drinks are getting near you tonight! I'll make sure of that so just dance!"

Now that he let her know that he'd rather not drink tonight, he let

himself partially relax, somewhat tense as he was surrounded by people who seemed a bit needy this particular night, and that being 'safe than sorry' was his motto, he couldn't fully loosen up even if he wanted to. Still getting into the song - making sure to stick close to Robin - Steve danced anyway the music had him moving.

What seemed like two songs passed, and Steve was still rocking, opening his eyes to make sure he was still close to Robin, he saw that she was grinding on, what smelt like, an alpha chick. He laughed as Robin made eye contact with him and winked, once she turned to focus back on the alpha, he got back into the song that was playing.

Till there was a strange sensation.

Steve knew it wasn't his heat popping in unexpectedly, that wouldn't be coming two weeks from now, still, he did feel a bit *feverish*. Knew he wasn't drugged because he hadn't consumed anything from the party and knew that he wasn't dehydrated or hungry because the feeling was - what felt like - an outside source. A prickling feeling, one that was telling him someone had their eyes on him.

It would have been easy to brush off the strange feeling of someone staring, he was at a party additionally an omega, simple as that but the feeling just *agitated* him, the staring was intense, it made him hot and scratchy, not uncomfortable but he wasn't fully comfortable with it either.

Without a second thought he looked up, dared to find the person who was making him all hot and bothered, dared to find them amongst the people who were having the time of their lives.

He nearly turned a full circle until he made it to the sitting area. Just a ways away from the dance floor was a group of people sitting or standing, yet one thing was for certain, they crowded around a single person. That single person, sitting with his legs spread apart, leaning back on the couch as he had one arm resting on the outside of it, the other holding a lit cigarette, was the one staring intensely at him.

They made eye contact, neither of them broke apart, and even while the man brought the cigarette to his lips, taking a long drag before exhaling, the eye contact remained strong.

He was startled by Robin, however, who grabbed his shoulder, breaking eye contact with the man. His scent going bittersweet with fright, embarrassment, and one emotion he couldn't put into words.

"Let's get something to drink, I'm fucking dying out there," she stated, dragging him towards the kitchen.

"A-alright," he stuttered a bit still looking to where the man was but regained his senses quick when her words were finally processed, turning towards her, "don't forget I'm not drinking tonight."

He knew she rolled her eyes. Making it to the kitchen Robin headed straight for the fridge.

"I haven't forgotten idiot," she said as she opened the fridge, peering inside, "but looks like you have two options, either bottled water or soda."

He pondered for a bit, "is the soda in a punchbowl or something?"

"No, it's canned so you don't have to worry about anyone spiking it or shit."

"Pass me water, and a soda then. I'll drink the soda later but I'm thirsty as shit for water."

She clicked her tongue, "gotcha dingus."

Robin passed him the water and a canned soda, he grabbed ahold of both drinks while she got herself a beer.

After maneuvering the beverages so that he was able to drink the water while still holding the soda, Steve opened the water and took long gulps. He didn't realize he was that thirsty till he finished drinking it in record time though he also didn't realize he was hungry till he heard his stomach growl. Didn't mean he was craving the food at the party so he turned towards Robin who was relaxing against the counter with her beer in hand.

"How about we get out of here?" He asked her.

She looked at him, hooded eyes and a raised eyebrow, "get out of

here to where, Steve?"

"Well I know you're tipsy right now which means you'll be craving food sooner or later so how about I drive us to McDonald's get us something to munch on, pass by a store or whatever is open, get you some more drinks if you want, head back to my place, watch movies or something, and you crash there too."

Robin stared at him for a few seconds before lightly laughing.

"You know stupid if I wasn't a raging lesbian, and you were an alpha, I would've probably married you on the spot but since we are what we are, I'm still taking you up on that offer just without the marriage proposal," she said with a smirk settling on her face, taking a sip from her beer.

"Then come, and drag me away," he said jokingly, extending his hand to her, his scent was now the sweetest it's been the whole night.

She laughed again, setting her beer down and grabbing his hand before actually dragging him away which caused him to roll his eyes but smile regardless.

As they passed by the sitting area Robin was stopped by one of her beta friends, Steve took the opportunity to look around to spot the guy from before which took a bit but was still found.

He was standing up this time, a female omega pressed onto his chest, baring her neck, the guy had a hand on her hip, and another lit cigarette on the other, he seemed unimpressed with the gesture. Steve was once again startled but for the reason that the man looked up, and as though he knew where Steve was at, directly stared at him. Head tilted down from when he was looking at the omega now at an angle that staring at Steve didn't make his eyes roll to the back of his head.

Steve felt intimidated, his scent becoming dull to hide his presence.

It was nothing but staring, the guy didn't do anything else but stare at his eyes, only his eyes. He still made sure to interact with the omega who was currently pressed to him, the hand that was holding on to

her hip making its way up until it reached her head, grabbing the underside of her hair so he could tilt her head at an angle that made it easier to kiss her, to which he did but the whole time keeping eye contact with Steve. The man dropped the bud onto the ground and crushed it with his foot releasing his other hand that was now moving sensationally across the girl's body till it stopped at her ass.

He grasped it.

Steve looked away, flushed red with embarrassment at witnessing what he was doing to the girl pressed to his body, his scent once again bittersweet. He still felt the guy eye's on him but Steve didn't want to risk the look.

Luck was on his side that night, however, as Robin started dragging him away again, no longer being in that guy's line of sight, now outside in the slight breeze of the night.

"Let's go idiot," Robin called as she let go of him, and started walking on her own.

He followed after her, walking beside her till they reached his car, and even as they got inside, and drove off, Steve remained only thinking about the guy with the intense stare.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you guys enjoyed the first chapter! Comment down below, and hit the kudos, until next time <3

2. Scents

Summary for the Chapter:

It had been a week, and some days since the party, not long enough for Steve to forget about the person though.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you guys enjoy this chapter! It took me ages to revise everything, and part of the story isn't even the one I started with but please do enjoy!♥□

It had only been a week, and some days since the sudden party at Betty's house, regardless of the duration since - which had passed by oh so slowly - that man was still, slightly, fresh in his mind. With the fact that Steve hasn't been able to encounter said mysterious man again, the image of his face, hair, and other details that would help with the identification of him became a blur since the passing of time.

Steve pondered for almost the whole week whether he actually garnered or had attraction for a man he didn't even talk to or he was so deprived from any sort of affection that any - considerably attractive person in his eyes - would do.

If it weren't for the fact that his kids, more of the kids he was required to babysit but he took on as his own, weren't there to keep him busy, and keep his attention, he might've, just possibly, gone to several other parties in hopes of catching mystery man again. The "might've", and "possibly" were there for a reason, Steve was too prideful to attend a party just for a mystery man, even if his kids weren't there to keep him busy he could never stoop as low as do the chasing when he was the one that should be chased, no matter if he wanted to see the man again or not.

To be exact a week, and two days had passed, it was Wednesday, never an eventful day for Steve. It was a day off from his babysitting which meant he had nothing planned out for just himself. It was a

free day to do him, plans or no plans but something did slip his mind, only for a moment. There was something that needed to be done before relaxation could begin.

Grocery shopping to be in fact.

His heat was due in almost a few days, too close to not worry about it, which meant he needed to stock up on necessary goods, and materials before due date, and not only did he need goods for himself but the kids too. Remembering that a certain gapped-tooth pup was complaining about the decrease of snacks in his pantry.

Logically Steve needed quantity, a lot of it, to not only pass him by for his heat, and the kids but to help from constantly heading to the store, so he headed to the largest mart their town owned. Which gratefully helped his bills by a lot, while he didn't have to pay for many things like his house, and such, phone bills, gas, and to top off groceries were expensive thus if he could get more of the product to last him a while, he didn't mind spending a few more bucks.

Which is how he found himself facing his kids, rather two of his kids plus one he hadn't seen before, after a tiring but successful shopping trip. He still wasn't even out of the store yet, shopping cart filled with bags when he spotted them at the entrance, loitering around.

Any chance of walking past them, and not getting caught up in their business flew right by him as one child looked up, and made direct eye contact with him - after a bit of looking around - causing the other two to do the same, and stare. He decided to make his way to them, it was a 'might as well' since he got caught but he was rather curious to see what the trio were up to.

Getting close to be at hearing distance, and arching a brow, asked, "and what are you guys doing here?" Quite interested to what the three of them could be up to without, what seemed to be, any sort of adult around.

Two of them looked at each other before one nudged the other, raising their eyebrows, forcing them to answer his question.

"Isn't it obvious? We're here to shop for groceries like any other

person who goes to a store.” The one forced answered nervously as they twiddled with their fingers.

“Dustin, where are your parents?” Steve asked, knowing Dustin well enough to know when he was blubbering.

Dustin looked down at his shoes, still twiddling his fingers, “Lucas I think it’s your turn to answer now.”

Lucas looked startled, and confused at what Dustin had just told him to do, “wait why do I have to answer? He clearly asked you the question, Steve didn’t call my name otherwise I would’ve heard Lucas instead of Dustin.”

“Yeah well I answered the last question you forced me to do so now I’m forcing you to answer this one,” Dustin argued back even if it meant he was a little wrong, Steve did ask him that question.

“If we’re going based off who forced the other than Max should be answering that question! She forced us to come here anyways,” Lucas stated but immediately regretted if the sudden widen of the eyes, and fast hand to the mouth were anything to go by.

“Hold on, hold on. None of you twerps answered my question, which is now directed to all of you by the way, tell me right now, where are your parents?” Steve asked hands on hip, with an expectational look on his face, “and I don’t care who forced who, all I want to know is if you guys have someone looking after you or one of your parents know where you’re at.”

Lucas, and Dustin remained silent, both looking at their feet, which left the girl, and third member now named Max to answer Steve. She guessed the other two weren’t going to until one of them decide to gather enough courage to do so, and with Steve starting to look impatient, better now than never.

“No one is looking after us.”

Steve immediately looked at her, “and why is that?”

“Because I forced them to tag along with me to head to the store. I was at the park, alone cause my asshole of a brother didn’t want to

come with me but then I saw these two, and I was going to ignore them but they suddenly came up to me, and well I was bored at being at the park so I made them come to the store with me, without telling my brother.”

Steve seemed even more confused, “and why’d you guys decide to come to this store when there’s plenty of other stores near the park.”

“I asked them before we got here if they ever played hide-n-seek in a store before, and they said no so I asked them if they had a big store in this sad town, which led us to here.”

“So you guys came here to play hide-n-seek, and that’s it?” Steve asked.

Lucas nodded his head, deciding to answer for once, “we were gonna get snacks too but none of us brought money, so yeah, sums it up.”

“Why were you guys just standing around at the entrance then?”

“We got here but decided that we should play another time, when we weren’t tired, and had the others instead of just us three, to make it more fun,” Dustin answered.

“Uh huh,” Steve said, wary of their story but buying it so he could get going, “well you guys enjoy yourselves then. Lucas, Dustin I bought you guys more snacks,” cheering could be heard from both boys, “Max it was nice meeting you, name is Steve if you didn’t know, you seem like a lovely girl, and it would be nice if these two brought you over more often because we need another girl in our group but I gotta start going now before some of these goods melt. See you tomorrow Lucas, Dustin, and hopefully you too Max,” and he was off to his van, putting his groceries in, and he was hoping he’d make it home before anything frozen melted.

Max turned to them with a raised brow, and a smile playing at her lips, “you guys have a group?”

Lucas blushed but Dustin answered, “yeah he’s our babysitter, and a pretty awesome one too.”

It was a little later, around 4 in the evening when Max made it back home. A large, two story house her older step-brother got for them on the good side of town when they moved to Hawkins. It was cute, and it fit them well.

After saying bye to Dustin, and Lucas who walked her home, she opened the door, expecting to be met with a silent, and empty house - a usual occurrence - but was surprised, and quite startled when she heard loud music playing deep within the house.

Locking the door behind her, she made way over to where the music was coming from, and saw her older brother working out in the backyard, how she didn't hear the music when she was outside herself was something even she wondered.

"Hey asshole! I'm home!" She loudly announced her presence over the music.

Her brother turned around, turned back to set his weights down, then casually made his way to turn down the music, wiping off his sweat with the shirt he had loosely hanging around his neck.

"Maxi..finally home, was beginning to wonder if you were hanging out with someone but, then again, they'd have to be pretty fucking stupid to do that," he taunted her, a smirk on his lips.

Max rolled her eyes, "stop being a dick Billy, I was in fact, hanging out with a boy today, two actually."

Her brother, known as Billy, seemed surprised but his smirk widened, "wow, two assholes actually wanted to hangout with you? I knew my sister was going to turn out a slut but I didn't think you were going to start out this fucking young."

"Fuck you too Billy, besides the only slut here is the one always returning at three in the fucking morning smelling like a whore house," Max retorted back.

"Not my fault, those bitches jump me like they're in heat so I just give them what they want Max, and you might wanna reconsider one of those boys, unless you wanna get with an omega," Billy said.

Max looked at him confused, one brow arched, “what are you talking about?”

Billy sniffed the air around her, “you have an omega scent on you dumbass, and you’re not near or of age yet so I don’t know what motherfucker would be hanging around an underage girl.”

Max was confused, it didn’t seem like Lucas or Dustin presented yet because neither of them were near of age either nor acted any differently, and they were the only two she hung out with, except for-

“Oh I know who,” she said out loud.

“Know who what?” Billy asked confused.

“Know who’s scent you’re talking about,” she stated calmly.

“And that is?” He dragged on.

“His name is Steve, we ran into him at the store we went to, he’s the boys’ I was hanging out with babysitter. He came up to us, and wondered where their parents were. He was cool,” Max explained.

“So he’s not one of the assholes you were hanging out with today?”

“No, he’s someone the boys are under the care of,” she responded back.

“Well that’s fucking perfect cause that means I can go after the person who has this damn scent,” Billy said.

Max looked at him with detest on her face, “don’t be fucking disgusting Billy.”

Billy looked at her with a scowl, “I can be disgusting if I want so get your bitchy ass in the house, I’m gonna be working out.”

As she walked away she flipped him her middle finger, “have fun asshole.”

Billy flipped her back but knew she couldn’t see it so continued his workout as though he hadn’t been interrupted. The scent that was on

her stayed behind however, and Billy couldn't help but inhale the scent whenever he got the chance.

Now he was torn between wanting to figure out who the unknown guy was that he saw at the party a week ago or the unknown guy who owned such a delicious scent.

3. Across the Street

Summary for the Chapter:

There he was, just across the street from him. Who would have thought he'd be able to see him again.

Notes for the Chapter:

God, it took me forever to write this one, I kept going through so many ideas on what to write for the third chapter. Not satisfied really but it'll do for now.

The coincidence was *odd*, just a day after learning about Max Mayfield, Steve overhears about the new guy, at least, just his name. Billy Hargrove, the name spread around like a disease, half the town knew of the guy, and more than likely rumors of him were still spreading.

His younger sister, Max Mayfield - he was astonished when he learned that they were related - was not as popular but her name was tossed around now and then, when wondering if he lived alone. The thought crossed his mind that maybe she was less popular than her older brother for the reason that she wasn't a new alpha, even a new omega but just another child added to the small children population of the town.

Nothing much was known about Hargrove, besides his name, and what side of the town he most possibly lives on, the man was still a mystery. Though it had Steve thinking whether that strange party was hosted for him as a welcoming celebration or just another random party Betty decided to throw out of the blue, regardless, Billy Hargrove, and his younger sister were still strangers to the quaint town.

'Damn it, they even got to the chips.'

It was no time to contemplate on Hargrove however, his heat was due in a day, and symptoms have already been occurring since yesterday. It was best to be safe than sorry, and while Steve would

rather not have to go out just to be *safe*, four little demons plus one angel decided to raid his pantry free of any snacks or food he would possibly be craving during his time.

He rubbed his head, deciding what to do, 'I gotta head to the store but my heat, but scent blockers, but what if they don't work?'

Sighing with frustration, there was only one choice he had to accept.

Steve knew he could be walking to his death, heading out while he's near his heat but rather than lying in his bed, sweaty and horny, craving his favorite snacks but not having any because he decided not to go, it was best now while he still was able to use scent blockers than to regret not seizing the chance when he had it.

Closing the cabinet door, Steve headed to his bedroom to get dressed for the excursion he had to take.

Billy groaned with disappointment as he opened the pantry and found that there was no type of snacks he was craving at that moment either, having already checked the fridge and freezer several times.

Maybe it was time he went grocery shopping or at least go on a snack run. While he was at it, he could take a stroll around the community too and see what it's about, get to know it.

Then again.

"How am I gonna take that fucking walk when I'll more than likely be jumped by those damn cows again? Always somehow finding me like I'm a piece of meat," he grumbled.

The women of the town had a thing of somehow tracking him down, and wasting his, and their time with flirting that didn't accomplish what they were aiming at. If anything it slightly did the contrary, he was - what he liked to believe - a nice guy, and played along, which, if thought about, was more than likely the reason they kept on pestering him.

However he came up with an idea, 'they won't know it's me if I'm

hidden. I'll have to cover myself but hopefully their damn brains are stupid enough to not recognize who I am.'

Though he didn't want to cover himself up - would rather choose to walk in an A-shirt and sweatpants - he wasn't in the mood to deal with them, he was snack-hungry and tired. Billy knew that if one person were to bother him while he was feeling this way, the result would not be pretty.

So closing the pantry door, and making his way up the stairs, Billy was ready to cover himself head-to-toe, and make his journey to the convenient little store right near his house, bless the gods that he chose the perfect home.

Steve and Billy stepped out of their houses, making sure to lock the door behind themselves. Once completed, they trekked their way out of their property.

Steve wanted to head straight to the store and straight back without any problems, as to not waste any precious time that might give his heat the chance to pop out of nowhere. He was a little paranoid, knew that he was but once again, better safe than sorry.

'Let's get this done Stevie,' he thought, 'we'll be home in no time and this time the snacks will be better hidden.'

Billy, on the other hand, not being able to enjoy the scenic landscape of the town since his arrival, decided that a nice stroll through the small park in their community would be pleasant, and refreshing, it was at most a 5-10 minute walk anyways.

Steve made it in record time and sighed with relief when he stepped into the store, only to remember that he still had the walk back home to make, and he still hasn't started his small shopping errand. Spending no more time, he sped walked to the nearest basket, and made haste with it to any aisle that had what he was looking for.

It took him around 7 minutes to exit the park, he enjoyed the moment of peace he got but he still had some ways to go to get to the store, it was no problem though, he was in no rush. He saw the stop-

lights coming up anyways which meant he was close by.

After scanning the last item, Steve hurried to pay, and snatched his bags before rushing to put the basket away, and walked out of the store as fast as he could without seeming like he was running. He was only carrying two bags, two heavy bags but only two bags. Luck was on his side at that moment, as the crosswalk turned green for his side to go, and while he was in a rush, he didn't want to embarrass himself in front of all those cars, so he strode as though he wasn't in a crisis.

Nevertheless he was close to home, there was no point rushing anymore, and the scent blockers won't stop working until another thirty minutes, Steve supposed he was safe for now, and so decided to just mellowly walk the rest of the way back.

It couldn't be, there's just no way, were his eyes playing a trick on him? Was he going insane?

"Shit, the old man was right, my mind's finally turning crazy."

There he was though, on the other side of the street carrying two bags, one in each hand. He seemed relaxed - different from when he last saw him at the party - almost like he was in no rush to get to wherever he needed to get to. Worn-out sneakers, black basketball shorts, and a gray hoodie, seemed like he just got out of bed, and headed to the store in whatever he could find, he still looked, cute and comfortable.

'What the hell am I doing?'

Billy looked away, he didn't want to seem weird, looking at a stranger that's on the other side of the street, even if the stranger was a cute-looking guy. It was just unusual, and he knew how uncomfortable those types of looks can get, noticed or not.

'I'm not some fucking creep, get a hold of yourself.'

But what if this was the last time he'd get to see him? What if the cute stranger was only visiting this town for a family gathering? What if he's leaving, and never going to come back?

‘Stop,’ he thought, ‘he’s just another damn guy, another stranger, there’s more than him.’

He looked straight ahead, and continued his walk, resisting the urge to look at the stranger, even while they were walking past each other or what would have been walking past each other if they were on the same side but-..god he was right *there*. J-walking is illegal, people still do it all the time so it wouldn’t hurt anybody if he just walked across the street to talk to him, get to know who he is.

Billy didn’t give in, however.

What was the point? He’s almost gone, and there is no point in chasing someone you don’t know, no matter how cute they look. Billy sighed with disappointment, was the second time this day has disappointed him, it was best to just get the shopping done, and head home anyway, no sense in wasting any more time, the sun was about to set, and he couldn’t leave Max home alone for too long.

‘At least I got to see pretty boy again,’ he hummed to himself, a small smile gracing his lips.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you guys enjoyed it! I felt that some parts were more rushed than others so if the chapter goes down or disappears for a bit then I’m likely revising it again. Please comment below, and don't forget the kudos! <3

4. Demon Brats & His Heat

Summary for the Chapter:

Whoever babysat these damn kids owed him a big ton.

Why was he thinking of him?

Notes for the Chapter:

I came up with chapters 3 & 4 almost right after each other which is why I'm posting chapter 4 not even a few days after chapter 3, course it still took some time to edit this chapter, hopefully, you guys enjoy it!

"You want me to do what?" Billy looked over at Max, setting a cigarette he was holding down.

"Can you take me to pick up my friends? Please?" She pleaded, "they don't have rides so I was wondering if you could be a nice older brother for once and take me to pick them up."

He took a pause, "you're full of fucking jokes today let me tell you," he chuckled, pointing a finger at her.

"I'm not joking Billy, I'm asking if you could help me pick them up," she didn't want to get annoyed with him and call him any names, she was asking him for a favor but it was getting difficult to control herself.

Billy looked at her once more before reaching over for the cigarette he had already lit on, rubbing a hand through his hair. He took a deep inhale before exhaling the smoke, cigarette still in hand he walked over to where she was standing, getting close enough to where he was towering over her.

"You want me, to pick up your shitty friends so they could come over, eat all of our shitty food, destroy this shitty house, then leave?" His voice lowered as he stared deep into her soul.

His scent was bitter and overpowering, mixed with the cigarette, and it became a horrible combination.

“Please Billy,” Max hated begging, knew that he wasn’t going to let her live this down, “I know it’s a hassle to let them come over but-“

“You’re right Maxi.” He interrupted her, walking away while taking a drag out of his cigarette, puffing out continued, “it is a hassle, a damn hassle that I’m gonna let a bunch of prepubescent shitheads into my house.”

He walked towards a cabinet near a window that had an ashtray and rubbed out his cigarette.

“Billy please, can’t you do something nice for once? For me?” She wasn’t on the verge of crying but was on the verge of getting upset, “I’m finally making friends in this bumpkin town and all I want to do is spend time with them.”

He looked at her, then looked away, his silence was loud, brushing a hand through his hair again, scent calming down, he gave in with a sigh, “...I hear you ask for shit for the next month and you’re sleeping with the worms, got that?”

Max smiled, even if he did threaten her it was an accomplishment that she got through to him, “thanks ass-I mean Billy! I’m gonna get in the car!”

Billy watched as she left running out of the room, “and if any of those fuckers break a damn thing they’re dead!”

He continued looking at the door for a minute longer until he grabbed the keys on his desk, grabbed his pack of cigarettes, and headed to his car, grumbling along the way about annoying siblings and their shitty friends.

“So who’s first on this list of demon brats I need to get?” Billy asked, setting the car in reverse to make it out of the driveway, looking out his back window.

“Jane, she’s the daughter of Chief Hopper and my best friend!” He

didn't have to look at her to know she was grinning ear to ear.

"Put in her address birdbrain and we'll go pick her up," Billy said, "I'm not trying to waste my day picking up all your damn buddies."

Max rolled her eyes, setting his phone down once she put in the address, "I think you'll like this one asshole, she's quiet and not so rowdy as the boys."

"Rowdy or not they're coming to my damn house and eating our food, I don't like none of them already."

"Trust me," she said, "you will with this one."

Billy made it to Jane's house without wasting time, he meant not wanting to ruin his day away picking up Max's friends.

"I'll go get her so be patient," Max said as she unbuckled herself, opening the car door to step out, "she's ready so we won't be too long."

Billy just leaned back on his seat and pulled out a cigarette, "alright so stop fucking wasting time over here and get her ass."

Max flipped him off as she slammed the car door.

"Aye be careful with my damn car!" He yelled out to her as she was walking away.

Lighting it up, he put the cigarette to his lips and inhaled, watching Max as she rang the doorbell, after a few minutes of waiting a young girl who seemed to be around the same age as Max with blond hair stepped out of the house.

They greeted each other then walked hand in hand to the car, Max talking while the girl named Jane seemed to listen to her with a small smile on her lips.

As they got to the car Max opened the door for her and once she was in, closed it and rushed to the passenger seat.

"Jane meet my ass of an older brother Billy, and Billy this is my

wonderful best friend Jane,” she said while closing the door.

“Billy Hargrove, hope you’ve been the one keeping this demon on a leash,” Billy said, a smirk playing on his lips, “she has a thing of running around like she has ants in her pants.”

Jane giggled in the backseat while Max turned red at the ears, “shut up Billy, god why do you always have to embarrass me?”

He shrugged his shoulders, taking a puff from his cigarette, “you’re just easy to embarrass,” he remarked back, “now enough of that, who else?”

“William, hopefully, you’ll like him too,” she said, setting the phone down once more with the address put in.

“Can’t guarantee you anything.”

After picking up Will, Dustin was next to be picked up, after Dustin was Lucas, and the last of the bunch to be picked up was Mike.

Billy learned that Dustin was the louder and more talkative one of the bunch while Mike and Lucas egged on to whatever he had to say, at times inputting their own opinions. Jane seemed a little shy and didn't talk as much, Will would interact with either her or the boys, and Max would turn around to occasionally converse with the boys but mostly talk to Jane.

Some time passed, still not close to home but the kids started to get annoyed being stuffed in the backseat of his Camaro, Jane squished between the window and Will who was squished by Dustin, and poor Lucas and Mike were constantly shoving each other to make space.

Dustin kept complaining that he was uncomfortable while Lucas and Mike argued on who was gonna get the extra shoulder space. Billy was clenching hard on the steering wheel as the arguing continued and Dustin’s complaining went on, he was resisting the urge to grab another cigarette - having finished the one before while on the way to pick up Lucas - but God did he have enough will and moral to not hurt children.

Nevertheless, he was getting frustrated and annoyed, his scent

spiking with bitterness, running a hand through his hair to calm himself down a bit threateningly warned them to, “shut the hell up or I fucking swear I’ll pull over and grab one of you shitty kids and tie you to the roof.”

That caused them to look at him, a bit startled to hear that threat come from him, at least it stopped their fighting.

“You do that and Chief Hopper is going to pull you over and take you to jail,” Mike retorted back with a snort breaking the silence.

“Oh yeah? Then how about I put you in the trunk smart ass, would that be better?” Billy warned, looking between the rearview mirror to glare him down and the road.

The group stayed quiet but Lucas and Mike continued to shove each other, only this time, a bit gentler.

He was still slightly frustrated and annoyed, was itching for a smoke to calm him down, so freeing a hand, he opened his packet and pulled out a cigarette.

“Max,” she turned to look at him, “there’s a lighter in the cup holder, grab it for me,” Billy ordered.

“The blue one right?”

“No the one with the deer, the blue one has no more fluid.”

After a bit of searching through some wrappers and receipts that held phone numbers, Max found the lighter.

“Okay, now what?”

Billy held the butt of the cigarette towards her, “light it.”

“What?”

“Light the damn cigarette, Max.”

“I want to light the cigarette,” Dustin intruded from the backseat.

"I want to light it too," Mike said.

"My dad smokes those he's never had me light one but I want to," Lucas confessed, "but he always says I'm too young."

"Cigarettes are bad for you, I don't know why adults smoke them. My aunt has a hole in her neck cause she smoked a lot when she was younger," Will chipped in.

"No one's going to light this cigarette besides Max," Billy snapped, ignoring what Will said, "now light the fucking cigarette."

"You want your younger sister to light a cigarette?" Max asked her eyebrow raised with a disappointed expression.

Billy gripped the steering wheel harder, the car going what seemed to be a little faster, his scent now pungent and covering the car, "look you little shits if you guys would rather end up in a ditch where no one, and I mean no one in this shithole of a town would find you, tell me right now but if you'd rather survive this car ride, light the damn cigarette."

They went quiet.

He took a glance at her before looking back at the road. Max took that as a signal to roll the spark wheel causing a flame to appear, she brought it close to the cigarette and lit the end Billy was pointing towards her, once she saw that it started burning she let go of the wheel prompting the flame to go out.

Billy drew the cigarette to his lips and took a deep inhale before exhaling out the window, "now, if any of you demon spawns decide to peep a word during this car ride, it's not a warning or a threat anymore, I will put you in the trunk so no damn chief or officer will see you."

The rest of the car ride back remained silent.

Luckily the group made it back to Billy's house without anyone being in the trunk or dead.

“Order some pizza’s, play games, watch movies, do whatever you want but don’t break anything, don’t mess with anything, and most of all, stay away from the room at the end of the hall, if I find out you guys went in there, there’ll be hell to pay, got it?” He instructed.

“Got it,” came a chorus of replies.

“I’ll be upstairs in my office finishing some damn paperwork if you guys need anything, Max you can give the runts a tour of the place,” Billy said, making his way towards the stairs, “have fun you demons.”

He heard little whispers here and there and knew they were most probably talking about him to his sister. Billy didn’t care though, wasn’t the first time people talked about him.

It wasn’t even an hour later when he heard screaming, laughing, and yelling coming from downstairs. They seemed to be having a blast playing whatever game they found.

He rubbed his head and reached for another cigarette, “whoever’s their damn babysitter owes me big fucking ton for this.”

Each wave that hit got him hotter and hotter to the point Steve felt like he was burning to death. The AC helped a fraction but he was still being cooked.

“Holy shit,” he gasped as a wave hit him, the heat mainly focusing on his throbbing dick, he clutched a pillow and grounded against it, wanting, needing friction.

He whimpered as he felt no pleasure from rubbing himself against the pillow, only wanting more of something he couldn’t have.

Reaching down, Steve grasped his dick and slowly went up and down, rubbing the head where pre-cum was gathering, and using it as lube to easily move his hand on his dick.

Steve moved his hips at the same rhythm of his hand, his other hand, playing with his nipples that had become sensitive during his heat. He moaned and twisted in his bed yet when he felt like releasing, he couldn’t.

He felt his eyes tear up with frustration after countless times of not being able to release, “what am I doing wrong?”

He closed his eyes, thinking of anything that came to mind. A porno he watched with some friend long ago came to mind, a sweet and innocent omega being topped by a buff and perverted alpha, stereotypical yes but Steve couldn't help but think about the alpha.

Strong arms, a built body, a handsome face, and a large dick that was sending the omega to the moon. Steve continued his play thinking about the alpha and what he was doing to the omega. The alpha kissing and sucking on the omega's neck while his hands played with their nipples, twisting and pulling.

How Steve wished he had someone teasing him just like how the alpha in that porno teased the omega, only giving them their fingers and not what they wanted, taking their sweet time, bringing the omega close to the edge only to stop, and giving their all once they gave in.

Steve curled his toes as he started speeding up and down. He couldn't think of who he wanted to tease him like that, play with him, break him then build him right back up.

However a certain face came to mind, and Steve stopped what he was doing instantly.

“What the hell?” He asked himself.

Why would the man from the party come to mind? Steve barely knew him, hell he couldn't even get a good look at the man. But he did seem..handsome and strong, dominant and seductive.

Steve slowly started up and down again, but instead of playing with his nipples, he let his hands go down a bit farther where he felt the emptiest, guiltily thinking of the man from the party, how would he look if he were with Steve right now, how would he treat him?

His imagination went wild with fantasies at how he wanted the strange man to treat him, talk to him, and comfort him afterward.

Steve's toes curled again, his back arching off the bed, body tensing

up, and before he knew it, Steve was having the release he wanted.

His limbs went numb, toes uncurling, and the heat cooled down by just a bit, still very uncomfortable though, Steve didn't mind however as he was panting with satisfaction, reaching for napkins and a water bottle that was on his nightstand.

He couldn't stop thinking about the man, how he was in his fantasies and Steve looked down when he saw that he got hard again, his asshole leaking with slick. Sighing, Steve gained the strength to clean his stomach up from his cum.

"I'm such a perv," he mumbled to himself as he felt his dick twitch, and another wave hit him.

At least he left the AC on.

Notes for the Chapter:

If you guys enjoyed this chapter then please don't forget to comment and hit that kudos! They make my day <3